On the Boston Express By EDITH J. HULBERT Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

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and turned to the porter with an voluntary sigh of relief, Either of these two vacant seats

he porter consulted his book, 14 C No. 12 is engaged, sah, but you can All right," said Wentworth, taking fter his belongings had been infor the conventional length of and the dusky official had reted Wentworth looked at his

Five minutes to starting time," he urmured, "and no sign of her yet, for hich fact the lady has my heartfelt

'My, won't Collins be in the deuce if a funk, though! He seems to be uncommonly keen over the affair. I'll see what he says again." And, fumbling in his pocket, he produced a crimpled slip of paper.

Smoothing it out, he read half audibly: "Look out for Annette Blain on Boston express. She has wind of the state's intention to call her as a witness in the Brent murder trial and is going to cross the border. Is about twenty-two and slender, with brown hair and gray or blue eyes; timid manner; dresses well, but plainly. Get an interview with her and find out all she knows about the case. Don't let this slip. Should be a beat. Other papers

"Nice thing to foist on a man just starting on a vacation," grumbled sight. That lets me out, and Jove!"

The porter had come back, followed by a heavily veiled young woman in a long dark blue traveling coat. As she sank wearily into the seat opposite No. 13 a warning shriek came from the great engine, and the train puffed slowly out of the station.

Wentworth eyed her furtively, while the porter punctiliously arranged her luggage in the rack.

"My victim undoubtedly," he soliloquized. "Poor child! I wonder if she thinks that covering her face with a thick veil when the thermometer is 80 is a good way to escape notice. How had I best open up the attack? Moral certainty all's very well, but I'm afraid mine would become shaky if she should deny her identity. There's something about the polse of her head that indicates she'd have the nerve to do it, too, and I've really nothing to go by. Confound that veil!"

At this point a small leather hand bag obligingly slid off the newcomer's lap, and Wentworth promptly presented it to her with his best bow.

"Thank you," she murmared politely, but in a tone that distinctly discouraged any attempt at conversation on his part. He felt instinctively that it would not be advisable even to make any suggestions concerning the window or the chair. He resumed his seat and sulkily regarded the flying landscape for several minutes.

When he turned again, his vis-a-vis had thrown back her veil. As he looked at her Wentworth found it difficult to suppress an exclamation of amazement. She was so like and yet so unlike Collins' terse description of the fugitive witness. Slender she certainly was; twenty-two she might be, although sixteen would seem nearer the truth, and her manner was undoubtedly timid. But surely the phrase "brown hair" conveyed no adequate conception | arrange your plans." of those rippling, gold flecked chestnut waves that swept away from her broad white brow and were gathered in a loose coil at the nape of her neck. Surely the man who had told Collins about her "gray or blue eyes" never had picked violets diamonded with the dew of an early May morning. Surely no one but a brute could endure the thought of the delicate pink of those softly rounded cheeks deepening to scarlet and those exquisitely curved lips quivering under the pitiless fire of cross questioning from half a dozen lawyers regarding the hideous details of the Brent murder case.

Her testimony was not essential. The case of the state was sufficiently strong without it. Justice would lose nothing by her absence. Her flight was not only entirely honorable-it was a sacred duty she owed herself and her

Fortunately she was safe enough now. Soon after passing the next station they would cross the line into Cornecticut, and there would be no question of further pursuit. If only the were a shade more approachable he was sure he could give her some valua-

ble advice in the matter.

At this point in his reflections the train came to a full stop. "Why, we're there already," he muttered, glancing out of the window, and then involun-tarily he smiled sympathetically at the

She, however, did not seem to be at tions. She was very pale; her lipe were twitching nervously, and when just as the train started again, the porter ontered the car, followed by the conductor, an expression of utter terror came into her eyes.

Evidently her fears were not altogether groundless. The two men went directly to her, and while the porter murmured consolingly, "Now, don't be afraid, miss; no one ain't gwine to hurt you," the conductor produced a | concert.-Youth's Companion.

rap raph form from which he read dly in a low tone.

ce Ventworth made no attempt to conal the fact that he was listening. "You see," said the conductor, handing her the paper, "these instructions Cather, W. S. are from police headquarters, so there is nothing for me to do but give you into custody at New Haven."

"Rubbish!" ejaculated Wentworth before the girl could speak. "If you do any such fool thing as that you'll find yourself in about the worst scrape you ever tackled. This young lady isn't charged with any crime, is she?" The conductor shook his head doubt-

"Of course not. Well, you know quite as well as I do that you can't up to her to say whether she'll go back and be a witness in that beastly trial or not. That wire didn't come from police headquarters any more than you walcott, E. A. did. Let me see it."

Impressed by the decision of his manWells, H. G. White, F. M.

ner, the conductor almost mechanically complied with his demand.

"Just as I thought," pursued Miss Blain's self constituted protector-a pure fake. Haven't even got her name right. Spelled it with an 'r.'" "How should it be spelled?" asked

"Why, with an 'n,' naturally," said Wentworth, with withering scorn. "Do you know this gentleman?" ask-

ed the conductor, turning to the girl "I-that is"- she began helplessly. "Know me? Why, I'm one of her best friends," interposed Wentworth hastily, managing to give her elbow a surreptitions pressure. "I came on this train purposely to look after her, although she didn't know of my inten-

There was a moment's silence, during which the girl kept her face averted, the porter shuffled uneasily and Wentworth looked defiantly at the conductor, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," remarked that official at length, "I'm no lawyer or detective either, and I don't know whether that Wentworth. "Anyway I've been wire's straight or not, but I don't like through all the cars-they're all jam- to make things unpleasant for a lady. med-and there's no such person in I can't interfere with the proper authorities if they come on at New Haven, but I don't know as it's my business to give 'em any help. Perhaps you can fix some plan between you." And, motioning to the porter to precede him, he passed on through the car. The girl turned quickly to Went-

> "What did you mean," she asked, "by talking about my testifying in a case? Who do you think I am?"

"I don't think anything about it," said Wentworth. "I know you're Annette Blain, and you're leaving New York so you won't be obliged to appear at the Brent trial." And he glanced significantly at her luggage, on which the letters "A. B." appeared conspicnously in several places.

"Oh, no, I'm not. I'm Antoinette Blair, and I never heard of the Brent case. I'm simply running away from home to escape marrying a man I detest, and my guardian has found it out and sent that horrid wire. They'll keep me at New Haven until he gets there. I know they will."

Wentworth gave a low whistle. "How old are you?" he asked ab-

Wentworth considered for a moment. "See here." he said. "Will you trust yourself to me?"

Miss Blair smiled a little tremulous-"It seems about the only thing for

me to do," she said. "Then listen. There's a flag station this side of New Haven. I'll fix the porter to stop the train there, and we'll slip off and take the next train back to some station where we can hire a trap to drive over and connect with the Central. I have an aunt living in Albany who'll be delighted to keep you for a few days until you can

"How good you are!" murmured the girl fervently. "How can I ever repay you?"

Wentworth flashed an eloquent glance at her, whereat she blushed deeply and busied herself with her luggage.

The city editor of the Evening Star received two telegrams from Wentworth before he returned from his va-

The first was dated "Portchester" and read:

No trace of woman on express. The second came from Albany a week later, and Collins groaned as he

Was married today in this city. Going Niagara. Back 24th. WENTWORTH. "Another good man spoiled," sighed

A Ready Helper.

"Maria is a well meaning soul, now, isn't she?" said one of Maria's much tried relatives to another. "She has a real helpful spirit."

"That she has," returned the other sufferer heartily. "I suppose Maria has done more to get tickets for people who didn't want them to go to places they couldn't abide, sold more articles to people who couldn't use them, assisted more people over crossings who were boiling with rage because they preferred to so slone or with the policeman, helped more kinswomen to make up their minds in the exactly opposite way from the one they wished and told more strangers in the city things they streetly knew than any oth-er woman in Christendom."

"But it you told her the braid was ripped off the bottom of her skirt she wouldn't really like it," said the first speaker.

"No; I've noticed that these ready helpers never care for suggestions themselves, Curious, isn't it?" Maria's luckless relatives sighed in Books Added to the Jarvie Memorial Library During November, 1906.

Tower of London Opened shutters Troll garden Chambers, R. W. Tracer of lost persons Sir John Constantine Doyle, A. C. Knight of the Cumberland Cliff-dwellers Book of ghosts Distractions of Martha Dream and the busines Harland, Marion pseud. Hobbes, J. O. pseud,

Robert Orange School for saints Parrish, Randall Philipotts, Eden Philipotts, Eden and Ber Richmond, Mrs. G. (8.) Good red earth Arnold Doubloons Sinclair, Upton Stanley, Mrs. C. (A.) Trollope, Anthony

Coleridge, S. T. Dewsnup, E. R. ed. Duffield, S. W. Hilty, Carl

Addison, Joseph and Steele Brassington, W. S. Carrington, Henry ed.

Richards, Mrs. E. H. (S.)

Freytag. Gustav Masson, T. L. Woodbridge, Elizabeth

Kothschild, Alonzo Lincoln, master of men Saint Amand, Imbert de Women of Versailles; the court of Louis XIV Swift, Jonathan Journal to Stella Elsen, L. C. Scottish clans and their tartans

Bellamy, C. J. Lang. John Mabie, H. W. ed

Orange fairy book tory of Captain Cook Light keepers Four boys in the Yellowstone Borrowed sister

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K95

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Heroes of the South Seas

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